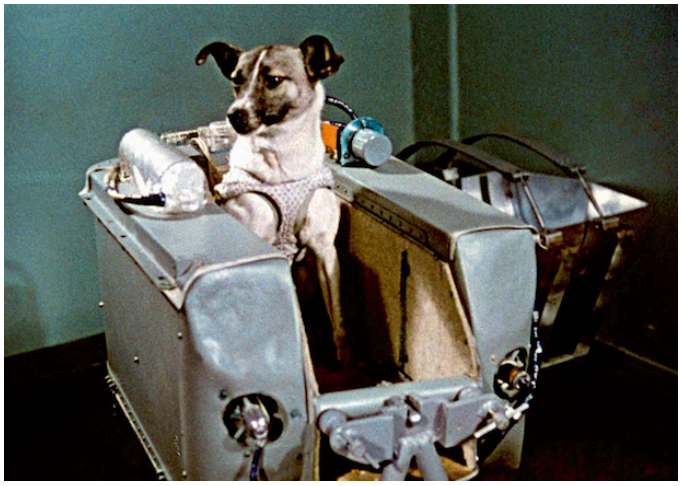
volume 3 spring 2018

fruitcake

Editor's Note

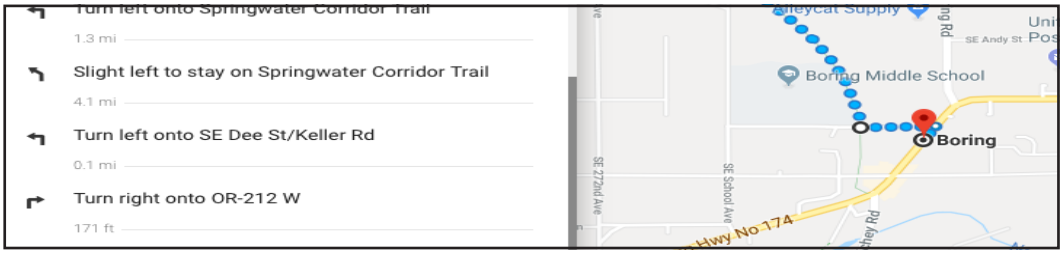


According to pets.webmd.org/dogs/how-to-calculate-your-dogs-age, Fruitcake is about 28 years old in dog years. We are glad we have managed to be around for this long. A milestone, although small, is a milestone nonetheless.

For instance, the first dog to go to space was a stray dog found on the streets of Moscow and named Laika. Laika was selected by the Soviet Space Program to be launched into space strapped within Sputnik 2 on November 3rd, 1957. Unfortunately, Laika passed away 6 or 7 hours into the flight from stress and overheating. She is commemorated as the first animal to orbit the earth.

This year, all four founding members of Fruitcake will be graduating. In a sense they are being ejected into space as well, away from the university, but instead of bursting into flames, they will leave with debt and without further access to university resources. Nonetheless, Fruitcake will be left in good hands.

Anyway, if you are feeling lost, here are some directions:



Fruitcake is a submission-based comic and humorous fiction magazine at UCSC, dedicated to providing a community and publication for folks to express their diverse thoughts and experiences through the comic format. We believe comics are an accessible format that don't necessarily have to be 'good' in order for them to be impactful. We believe that often, a prioritization of 'merit' within art production can be violent and counter-intuitive to attempts of strengthening community and to having honest dialogue. We encourage people to get inspired and to continue to submit! **ACAB.**

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Check out our website:
fruitcakemagazine.com

Follow us on instagram:
@fruitcakesc

Submit to:
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The day I realized I was a monster...
yawn
spit
I went to class without even looking in the mirror.

...
An iced honey latte, please.
Right up.
Have your hands always been like that?

No.
Oh, okay!
Have a good day!
...

GOOGL
Hands are claws??
hands claws
hand made claws
handyman claw glove
hands can't claw
A list of creatures
Clawed hands:
• Ala
• Black Annis
• Ent
• Garuda....
mythological creature
Greek myths
Sip
The world seemed bigger that day.
I didn't go to my next lecture.
STOP

20% OFF
SA
ONE STOP Witch Shop
OPEN!
~Ding Dong~
Hello, welcome!
Can you tell me what is up with my hands?

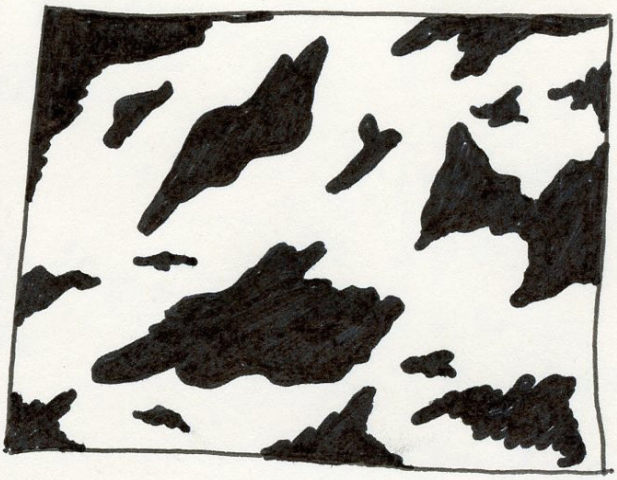
I don't know my place in this universe anymore, but what college student does?

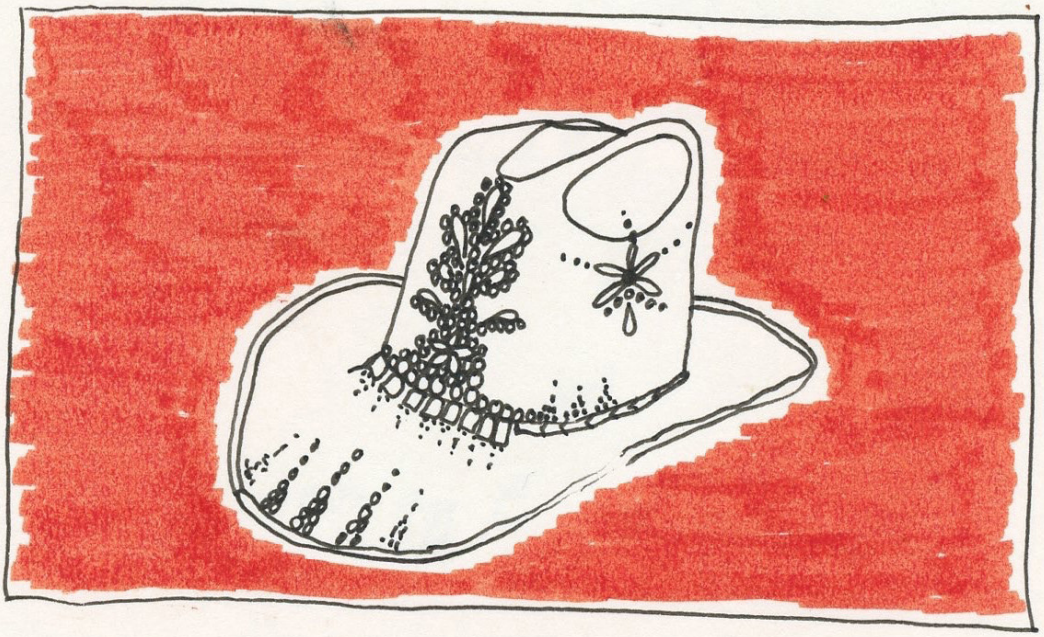
END

Amanda Leiserowitz

Luigi Villanueva

Cariño maldito



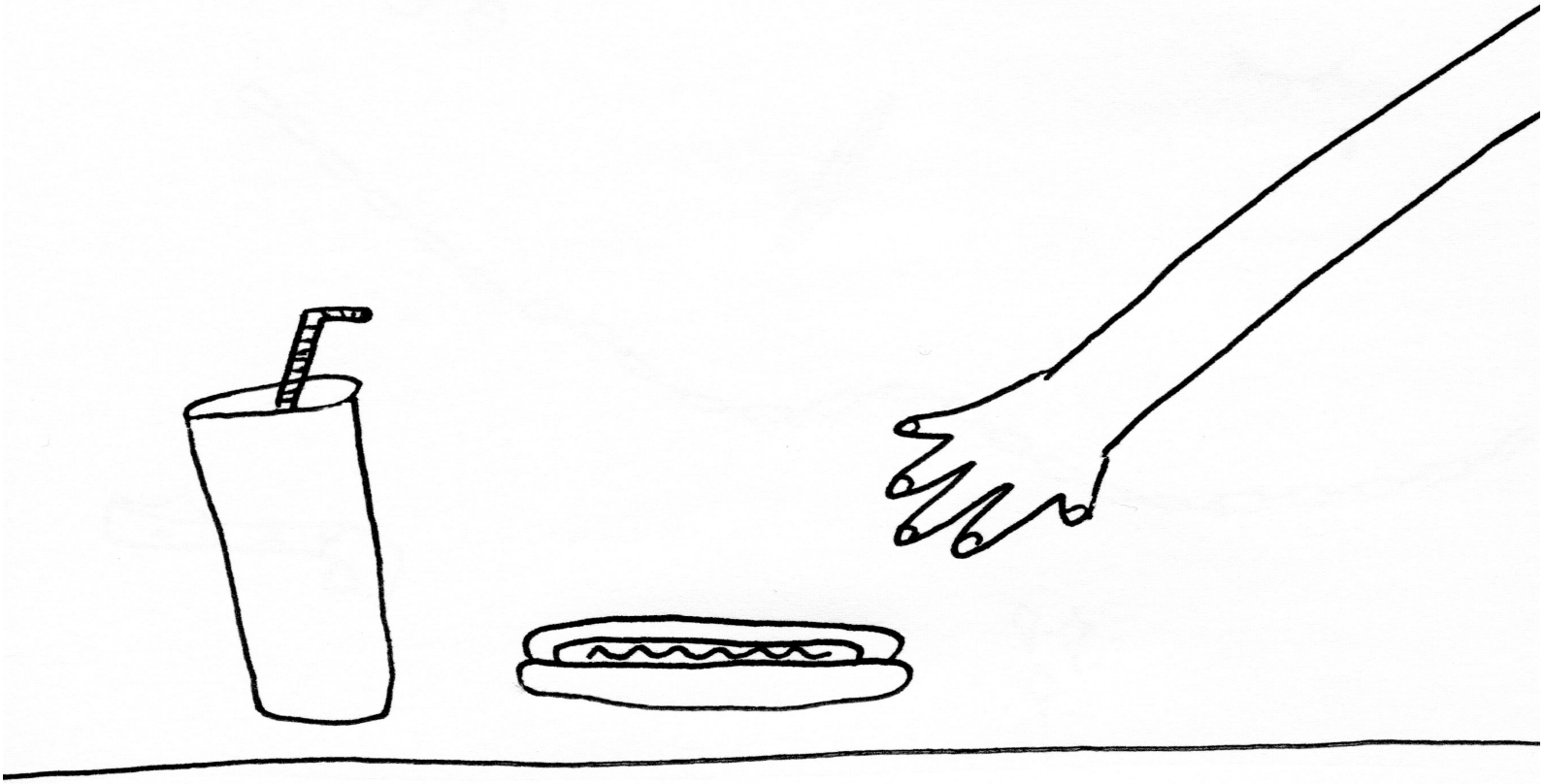


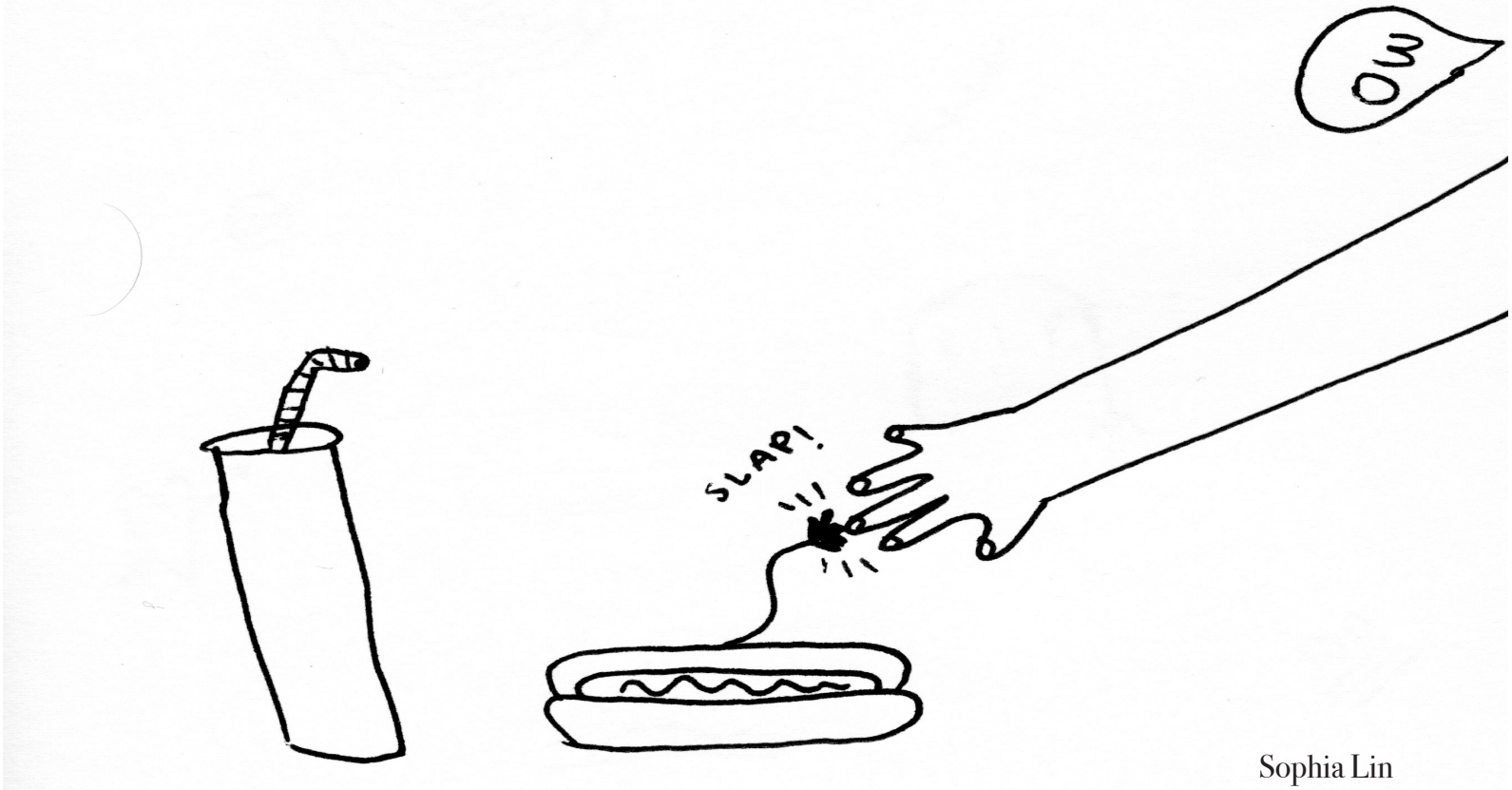
Cameron De la Torre

Ella Boker

Sophia Lin

It's Miller time





Sophia Lin

OUTSIDE my WINDOW
I FEEL SO TIRED LATELY...
IT'S HARD TO TELL WHERE THE TEARS COME FROM SOME-TIMES
MY BED IS SO COMFY AND I LOVE MY LITTLE CORNER OF THE ROOM
ZZZ
my window
THE WORLD IS SO BEAUTIFUL + IT'S JUST OUTSIDE. I CAN ALWAYS RELY ON NATURE. IT CALMS ME DOWN.

Sophia Lin

I am a *practical* person, and all I want is enough cheese puffs, to fill my studio apartment. Swimming, marinating, drowning in cheesy, puffy, magic. The space is 1,490 square feet. An average puff is 2.5 inches long by half an inch wide. 120 airy, crunchy, pieces of goodness fit within one square foot. To fill an entire square foot would take 178,800 puffs. The studio is 7 feet tall, so multiply, coming to 1,251,600 orange pellets needed. Does it work within a budget? A typical 8oz. Cheeto puff bag, contains, an average of 243 pellets. Divide this by the total number needed comes to 5,151 bags. The price of an 8oz bag is $2.95, times the total number of bags needed, *drum roll*, grand total: **$16,410.09** plus tax.

Angel Solorzano

BREAK-UP

by Lizzy Choi

WEED

Today 4:20PM

Hey. We need to talk.

Hahaha lmao about what lmaoooooo ur funny lolll

I'm coming over NOW.

lmao okay!!! #420blazeit

KNOCK!! KNOCK! KNOCK

Heyyyy BABE...

WHAT'S LITTY??

Listen, weed. I think we need to break up.....

HAHA, WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN??

LOL

LMAO OOO

It means you don't take anything seriously. All we ever do together is get high and watch TV. Which is fun, I guess. But honestly? I've wasted so much time on you.

...

WOW...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

YOU FUCKING SQUARE

Fuck you. We're done.

SLAM

THE SHREKABILLY DUO

AMY NAGLE

get out of my swamp

- a think piece on racial displacement and dispossession in *Shrek* -

by *Amy Nagle*

In the small living room of my home, as my roommates and I gather for a semi-monthly viewing of Shrek, I watch as Donkey and Shrek materialize in the forefront of my mind as anti-displacement activists. I listen as they speak on the gentrification of Lord Farquaad's kingdom, highlighting issues about housing shortages, displacement, and the exodus of fairytale Others to the swamp.
Technologies that displace and repress fairytale Others in the Kingdom of Far Far Away are used by Lord Farquaad as a part of an expanding culture of gentrification. Imperial technologies of repression, regulation, and racial displacement and dispossession, produce subjects and landscapes to be sacrificed, even while other forms of political subjecthood rise up from below. Invoking Foucault's theory of heterotopias, I name the heterotopia that contains the Othered bodies (read: Fairytale subjects) to inform understandings of spatial ordering of racialized and gendered subjects living in the kingdom.

Here, I will demonstrate the spatio-racial ways that gentrification is key to the construction of landscape as a neoliberal fantasy in which the neoliberal apparatus (read: Lord Farquaad's Kingdom) projects, targets, and produces, gendered and racialized bodies as objects of displacement. The conditions that create this displacement work as a heterotopia to make the Far Far Away a utopian space for the normative national body. Thereby making the swamp a heterotopia that works to make certain bodies containable/locatable. I conclude that if the Lord Farquaad's kingdom forces fairytale Others to live within contained landscapes that exist in part because of the conditions capitalism and colonialism creates, then fairytale others in Lord Farquaad's Kingdom, who are made more vulnerable to violence, live in a place of constant contradiction--a heterotopia. This piece will explore the dynamics of displacement through activists (i.e. Shrek and Donkey) reframing and resisting gentrification.

In theorizing the thematic use of gentrification in Shrek, Foucault's notion of heterotopias help us consider the ways in which the swamp gets marked as unregulated, as deviant, as Othered. In his essay, "Of Other Spaces: Utopias and Heterotopias," Foucault suggests that heterotopias are the spaces of Otherness that work to contain undesirable bodies to make a real utopian space possible. The dialectical nature of heterotopias render these spaces as subversive to the dominant culture. By doing so, the dominant culture is "represented, contested, and inverted".[1] The heterotopia that contains the non-normative subjects (read: the fairytale Others), then, are made to manage these people in line with normative national body.

The integration of Far Far Away's expansion of colonial and transnational power and concurrent displacements of fairytale subjects produced a social imagining of both the Kingdom and the swamp that could be attributed to neoliberal restructuring of the nation-state. In part because the social

construction of landscape is fundamentally a technology of disciplining, managing, and displacing racialized population within neoliberal capitalism as well as a racialized mode of governmentality for the state's apparatus, I argue that gentrification in the film is inhered to the exceptionalist discourse of Far Far Away frameworks of
nationhood and sovereignty, both of which are employed to police fairytale subjects. In other words, under the logics of displacement, these denationalized subjects are consistently rendered contradictory and
incompatible: the state both requires these Others as subjects to be deemed non-national while also seeing them as additive to the state. Fairytale Others are situated as both being excluded and included within the nation, thus relegated to a heterotopic space of impossibility. Where inside the walls of the Lord Farquaad's kingdom would be the utopian vision, they are seen as additive "appropriate citizens" to the nation while also being necessary to these utopian sites of neoliberal success. This becomes especially apparent when the state uses their non-normative behaviors (for example, Donkey's ability to speak) as justification for their removal. For Lord Farquaad, gentrification is positioned as a panacea to the kingdom's threats (read: fairytale folks), that works to constantly reimagine the state and define its boundaries against the backdrop of the Other. What's more, Foucault writes, "heterotopia is capable of juxtaposing in a single real place several spaces, several sites that are themselves incompatible".[2] The impossibility inherent in these fairytale subjects can also become a place of possibility: where fairytale subjects' new mobility challenges both the existing relations between the national body and the state's imagining of landscape.

The social imagining of landscape is constructed as a part of Far Far Away-life where Far Far Away-life is defined as a human family. By doing so, the state politicizes which bodies are granted visibility under Lord Farquaad's regime—the normative national body—and in doing so, the state points to the naturalization of how fairytale bodies are made invisible. Displacement, then, is racialized as it politicizes human bodies but renders fairytale subjects as both a threat and a body that is not worth protecting.

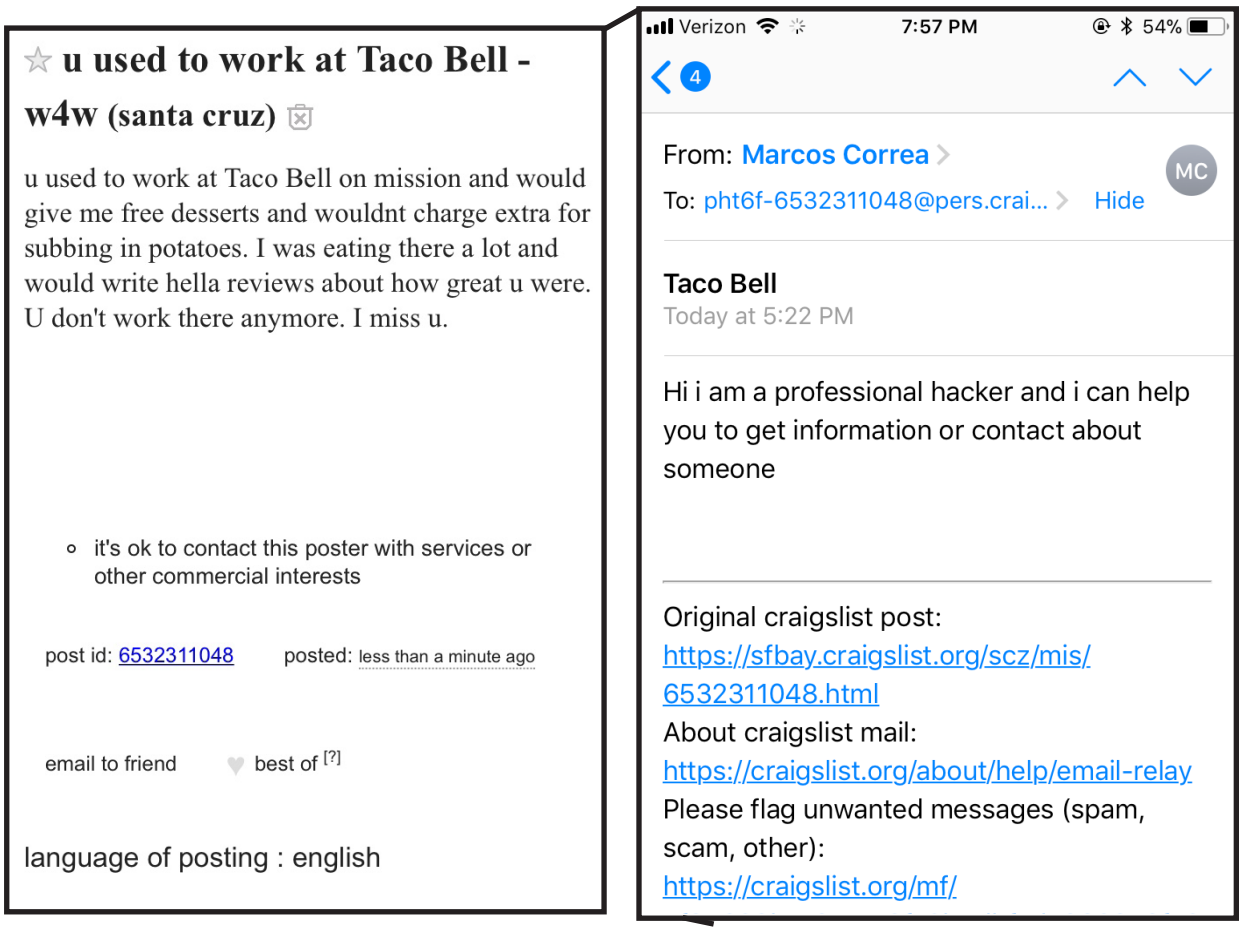
What's more, the futurity of the nation depends on imperial logics that construct landscape as remote. This is most evident in the scene where Shrek returns to his swamp and finds the state has effectively relocated every fairytale animal to live in his one bedroom cottage based on the swamp's supposed "emptiness". Is shrek really an activist if the only reason he went to get Fiona was to remove the displaced subjects from his swamp?

[1] Foucault, Michel. "Of Other Spaces: Utopias and Heterotopias." Architecture/ Mouvement/ Continuite. Trans. Jay Miskowiec. (March 1967): 3.
[2] Foucault, "Of Other Spaces", 6.

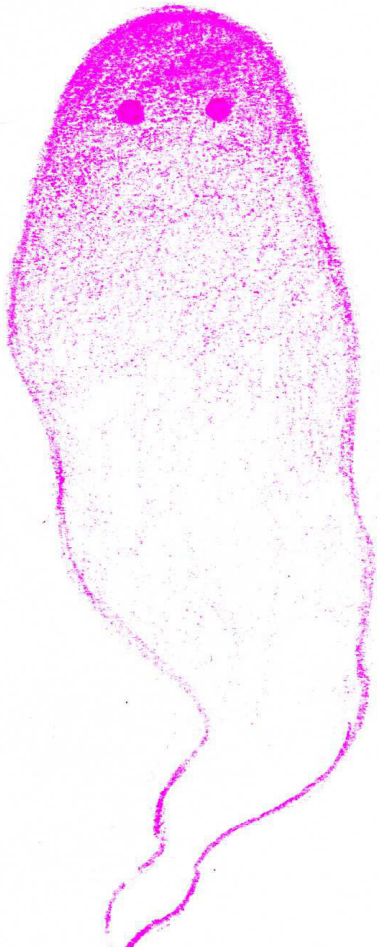
Betty Rosado

DON'T TELL ME TO RELAX!
by Lizzy Choi
(IN THE CAR)
oh I wonder who is behind me!
OBJECTS IN THE MIRROR ARE FUCKING FAT
HOLY FUCKING SHIT
OH MY GOD IT'S NATHAN FROM MY GEOPOLITICS CLASS
SKRRRRTT
SKRRRRRRRR
PRIUS
...
HE TOLD ME TO "RELAX" A MONTH AGO.
DON'T FUCKING TELL ME TO "RELA

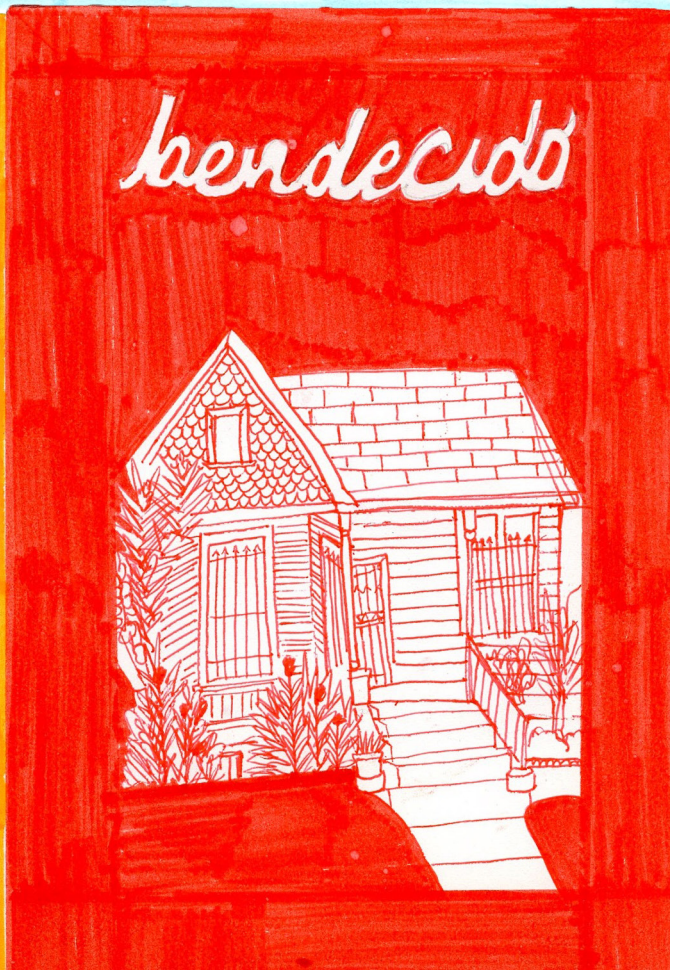
Jaelynn Wilson



Amy Nagle



Alyssa Valdez



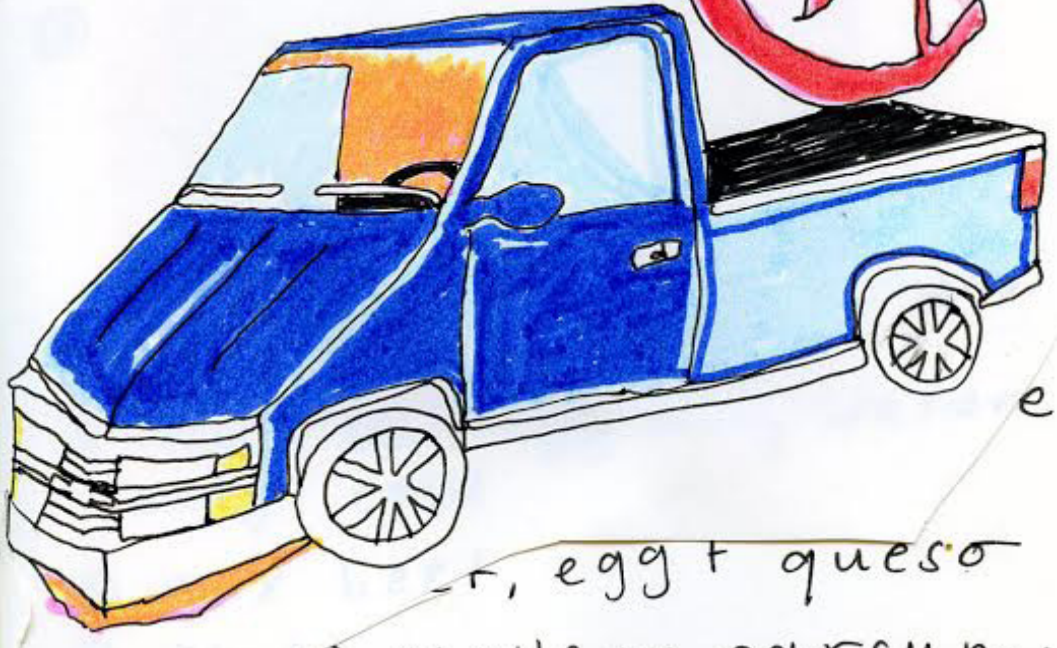
Cameron De la Torre

pepper chili,
1/1 cumin

n, thaw

er

Su Mensaje
Su Sacrificio
Su Perdón
Su Amor.



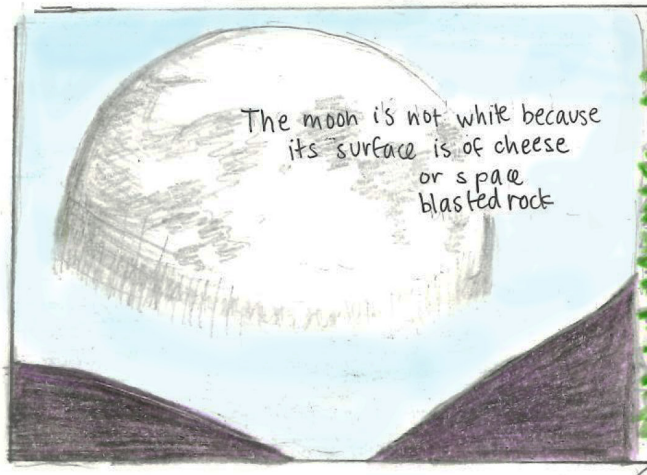
e

r, egg + queso

shells on parchment.

⑦ egg wash

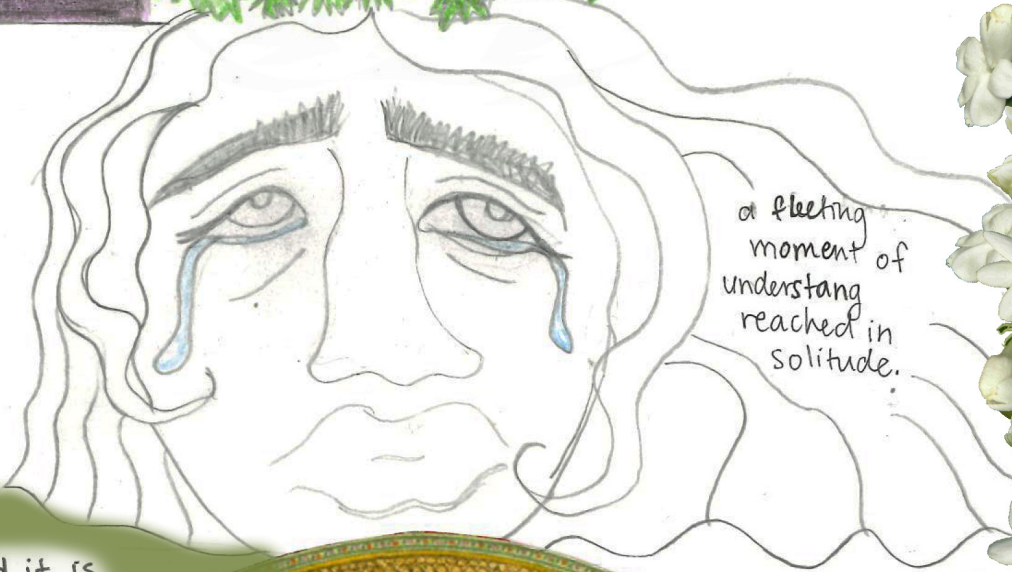
⑧ oven. 385° - 35-40 min.



it is the scent of their infinite blooms that speaks to us in sleep, each bloom carrying a new message in a new tongue

the sweetest song ever sung.

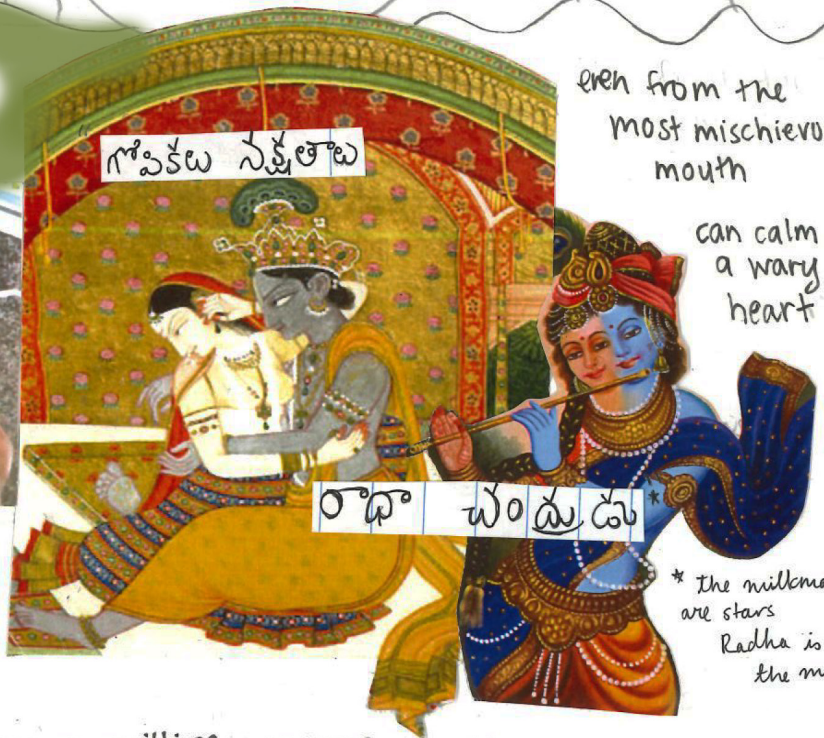
"Ishqa Mast Abastama"
- Sabz Ali Bugti
2002



a fleeting moment of understang reached in solitude.

to some their words are more cogent than they are to most—

—and it is no wonder that



even from the most mischievous mouth

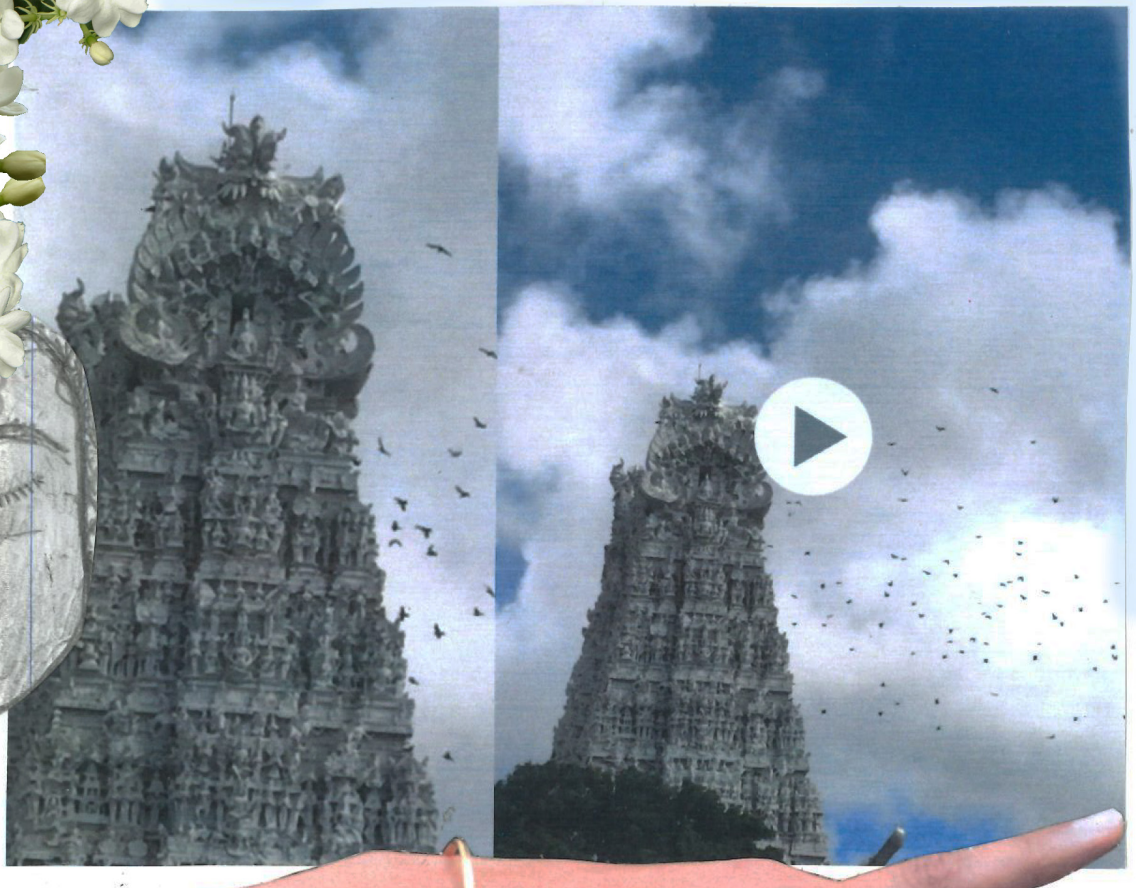
can calm a wary heart

* the milkmaids are stars
Radha is the moon

once in a million moons, a blossom will carry a message so urgent, it will hurtle towards its intended,

the kolam
found in the
morning a
declaration
of its
arrival

we build vimana reaching out
to find them;
to reach their meaning



and now
they are trying
to reach out to us

SHE IS REACHING OUT

Kavya Aswadhati

to be continued

Unraveled

by: Angel Solorzano

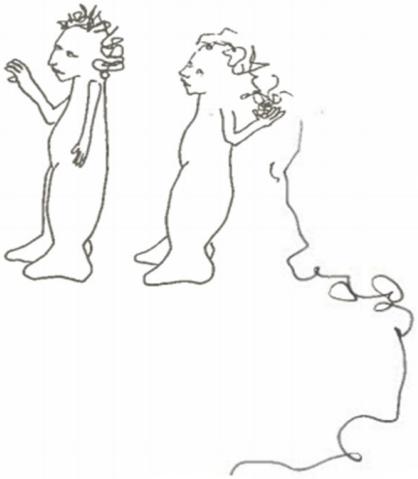
Don't pull that sliver of skin next to your fingernail,
or you too may suffer the same fate as little Billy Brown,
he pulled,

and pulled,

and pulled until

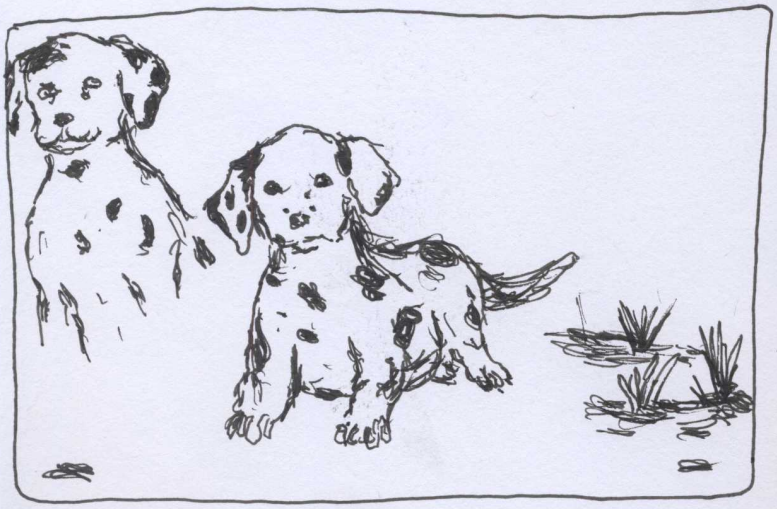
there was nothing left to pull.

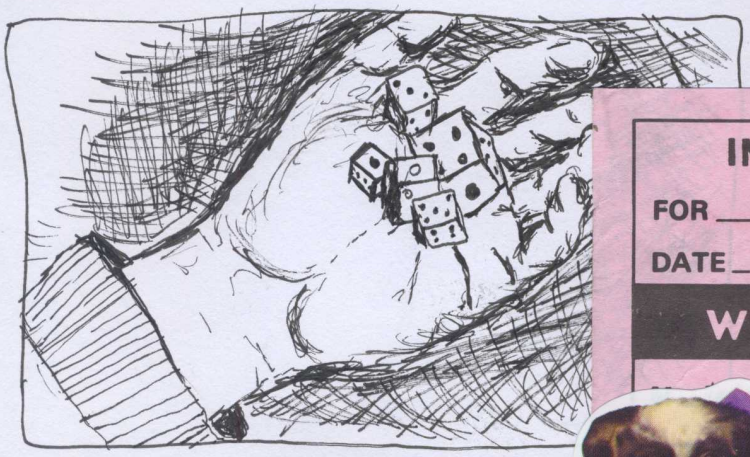
He lay there, like a pile of yarn, the Quilt Club came, attempting to help, but they couldn't knit one, purl two,
poor ol' Billy Brown, back to together again.



Grace Ackles

and sorrow,





IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR

DATE 3/28/17 TIME 3:00 A.M. P.M.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

~~nomed~~ called ~~to see you~~ wants to see

~~ase~~ call will call again urgent

~~loved, but not desired~~

Left: Christian Schad, *Liebende Knaben* (Boys in Love), 1929, silverpoint on paper, 11 7/8 × 9 1/4".

&

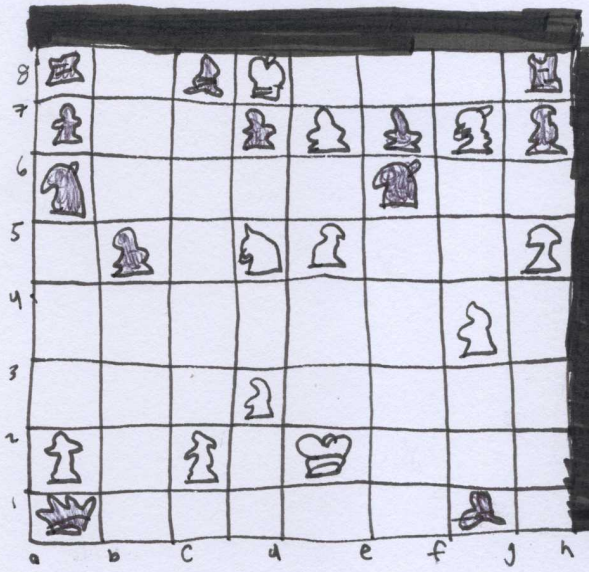
to be held in your hands like a stone

kept in your jacket pocket,

put in your mouth

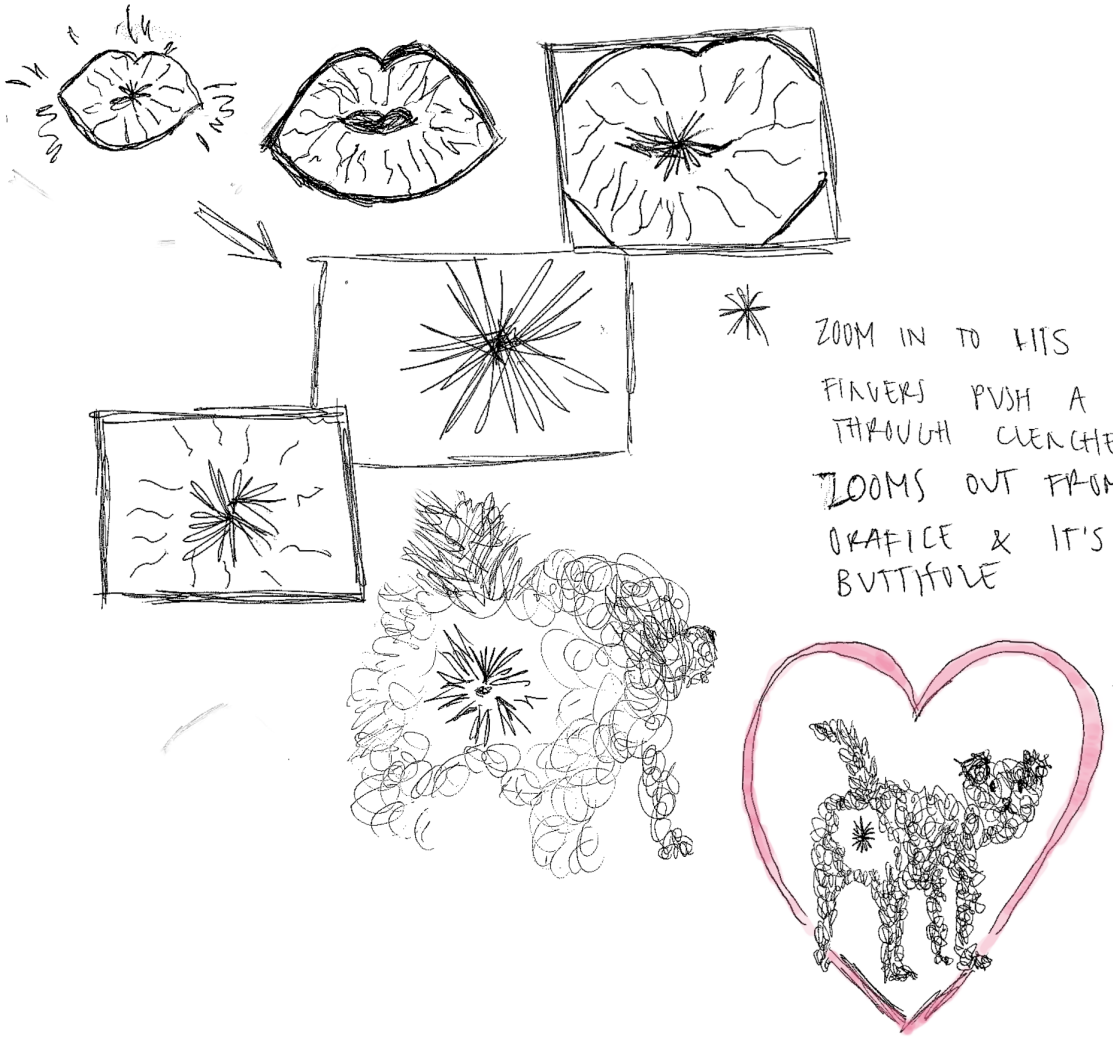
thrown onto the lake

on the bus, the subject
of a dream, suddenly
real body, audible voice
you can not control
your trembling fingers

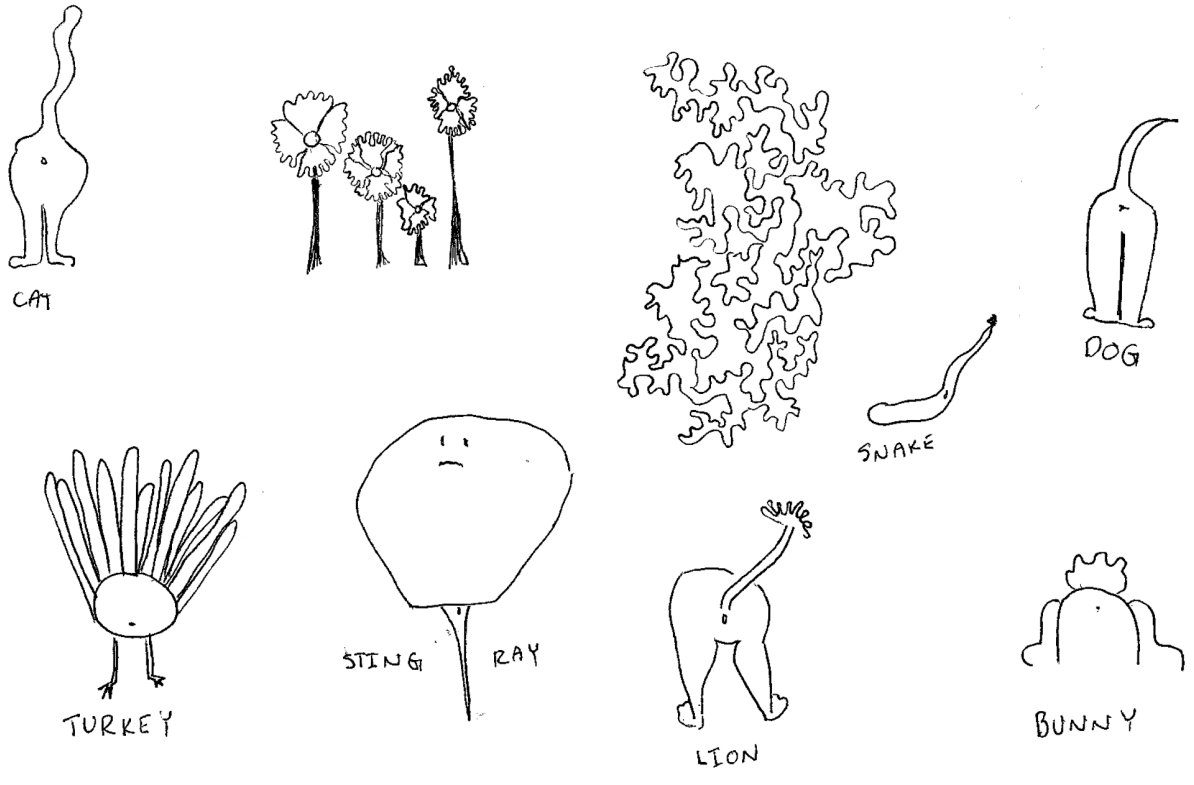


checkmate of
the immortal game

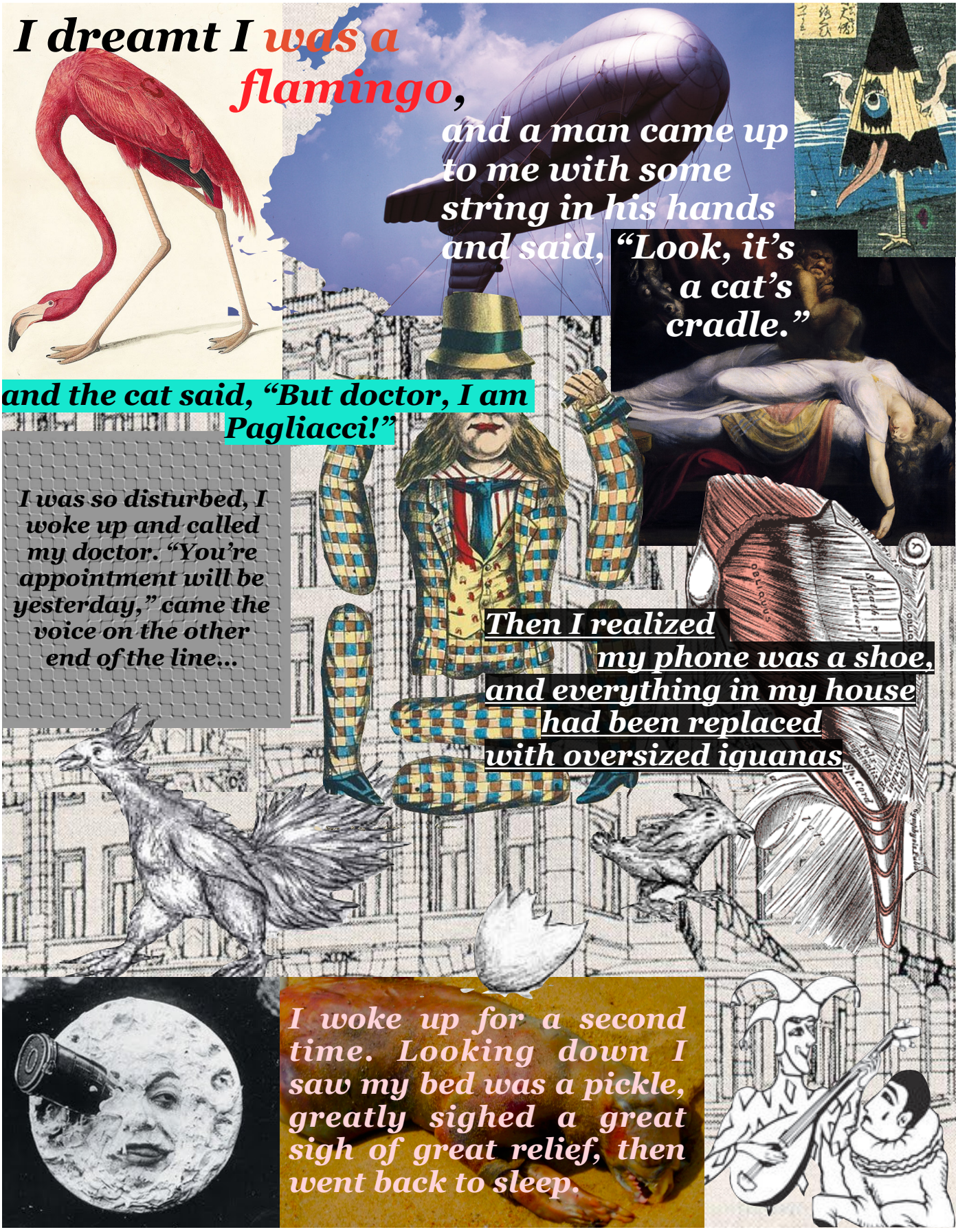
Yves Agustín



Crystal Dawana



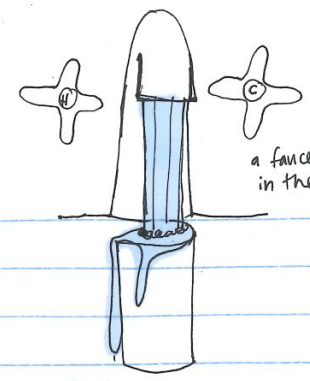
Katie Silva-Grizzle


I dreamt I was a flamingo,
and a man came up to me with some string in his hands and said, "Look, it's a cat's cradle."
and the cat said, "But doctor, I am Pagliacci!"
I was so disturbed, I woke up and called my doctor. "You're appointment will be yesterday," came the voice on the other end of the line...
Then I realized my phone was a shoe, and everything in my house had been replaced with oversized iguanas
I woke up for a second time. Looking down I saw my bed was a pickle, greatly sighed a great sigh of great relief, then went back to sleep.

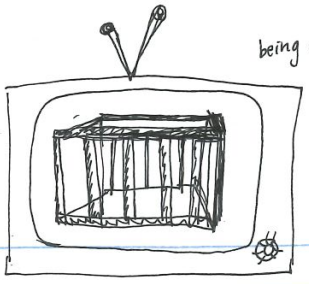
Weston Gray

Like a moth to the flame...
(I've always been really afraid of myself)
CAPE CANAVERAL
sinciput destroying nasal bridge like papier-mâché
DO YOU INHALE ?
(i never want to go there)

Weston Gray



a faucet forgotten in the on position



being able to find "thats not right"

but unable name + fight the enemy.

8024DB40918014A20B8024CB40918014A20B8024BB40918014A20B8024AB40918014A20B80249B40
0918014A20B801DEB40918014A20B801DDB40918014A20B801DCB40918014A2[illegible]801DBB40918014A
6DB40918014A20B8016CB40918014A20B8016BB40918014A20B8016AB409[illegible]20B80169[illegible]40918
B80226B21B491FB80225B21B4A1FB80224B21B4A1FB80223B21B4A1FB8[illegible]21B

ACAB

how do you make implicit violence explicit and then say no!

finding a way to see the truth and still feel safe, at home in self, refuse to cringe away from pain

~~destroying the infrastructure but~~

how to dismantle police state ~~but~~ while strengthening community?

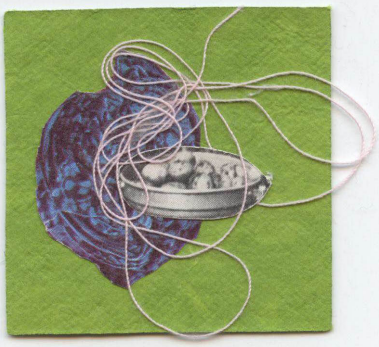
a need for self reflection and accountability

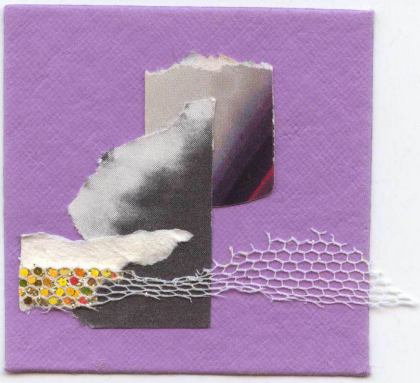
we are all ~~implicit~~ implicated

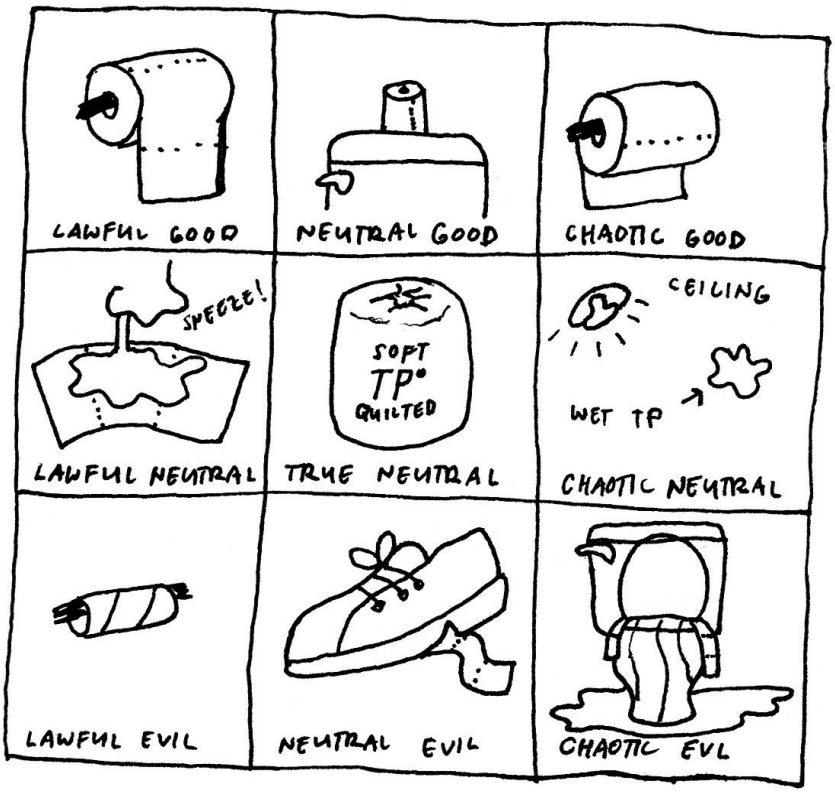
acknowledge your own complacency

NAME THE ENEMY

Anonymous







p

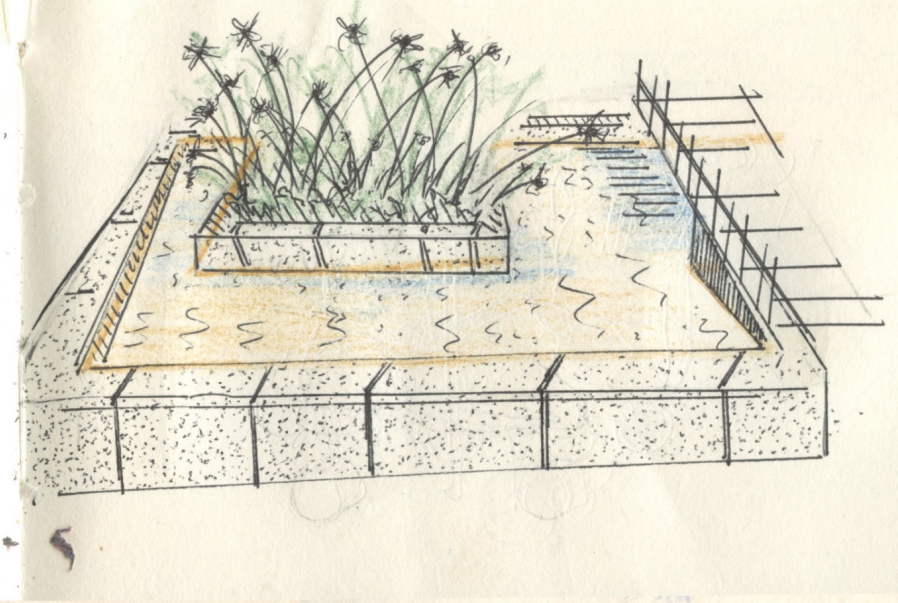
/C2

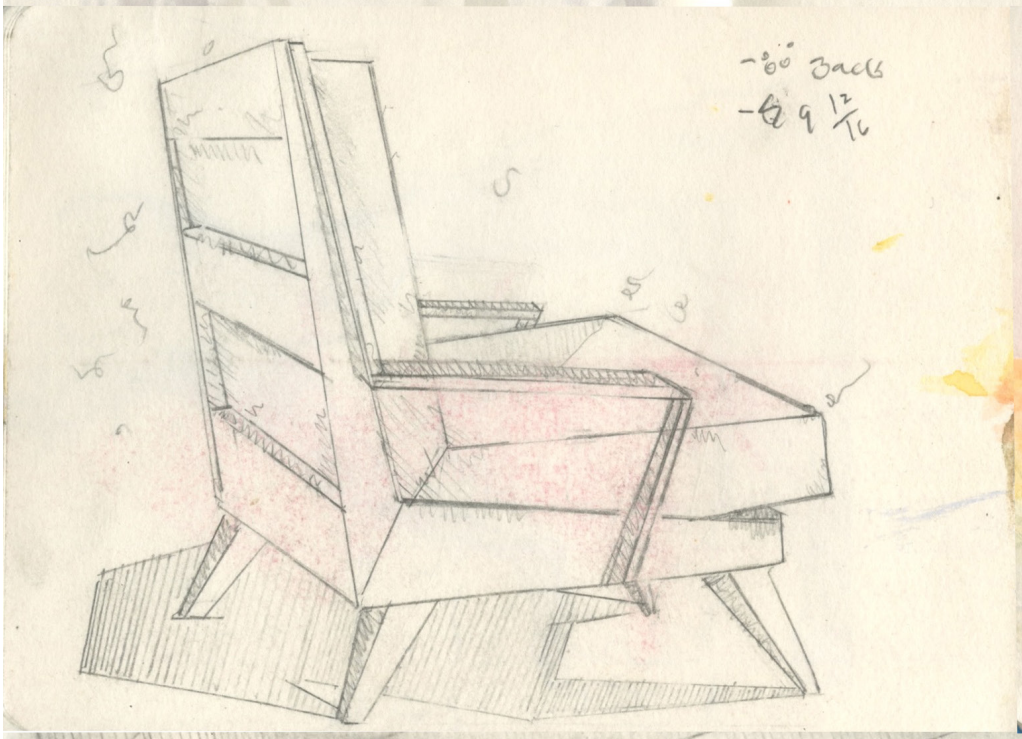
elona.

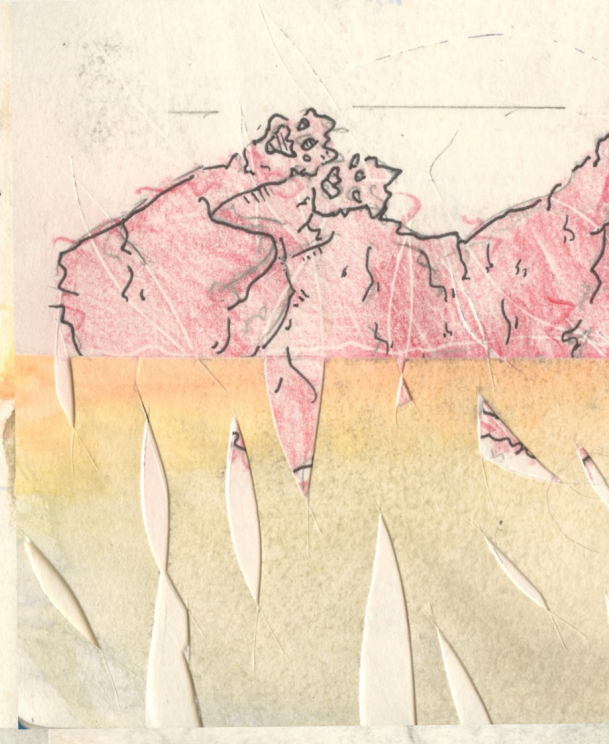
ctic structures to form a larger form of the

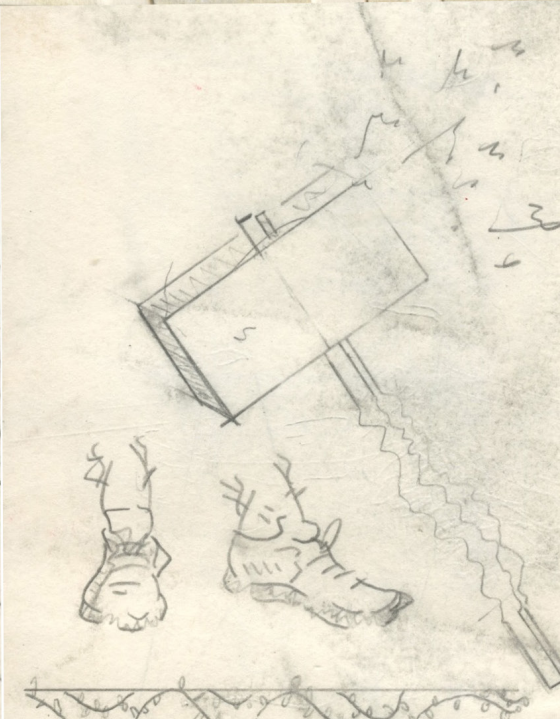
megh and morganne

Jose Domingo





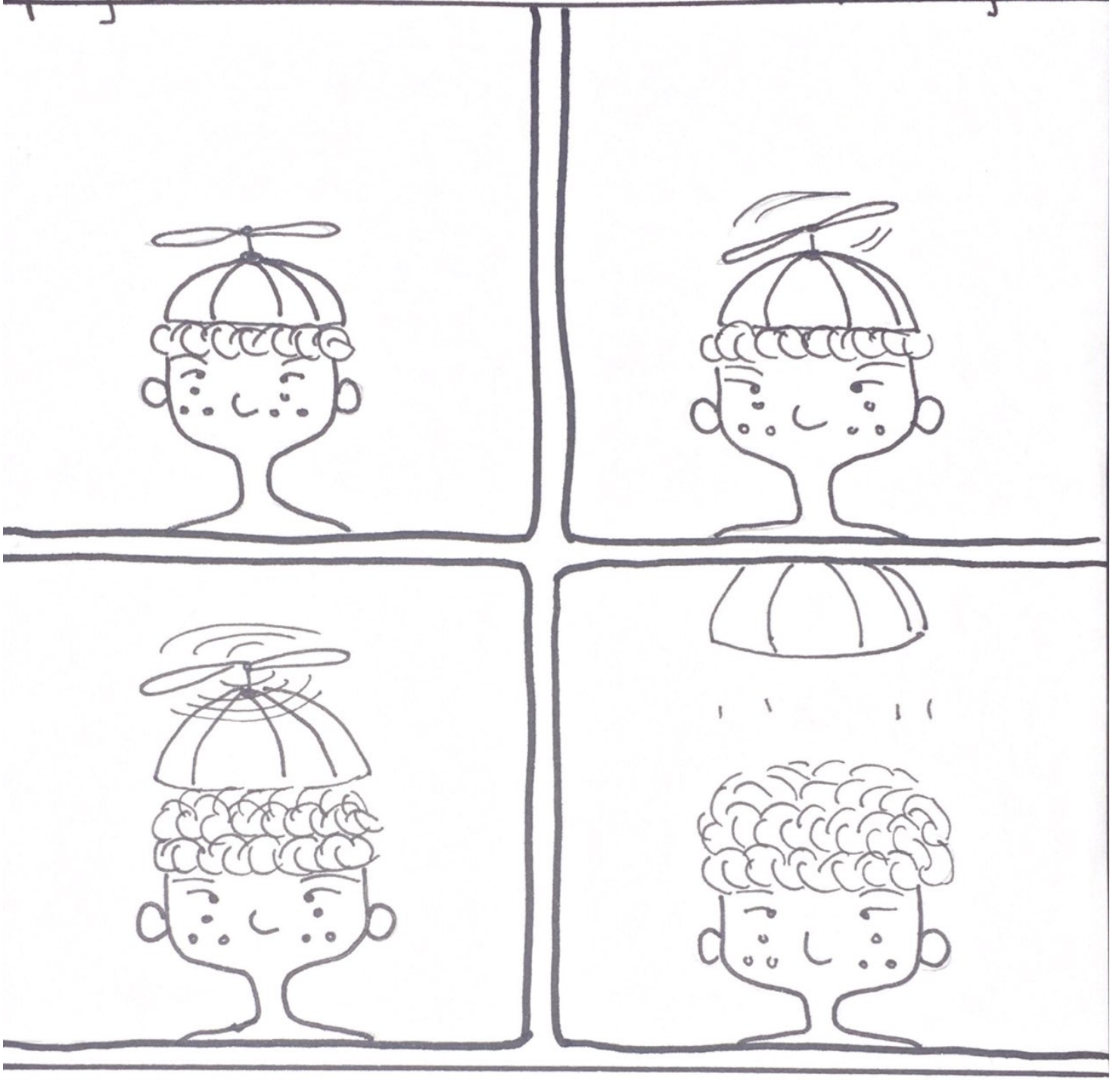




Emet Levy

progression

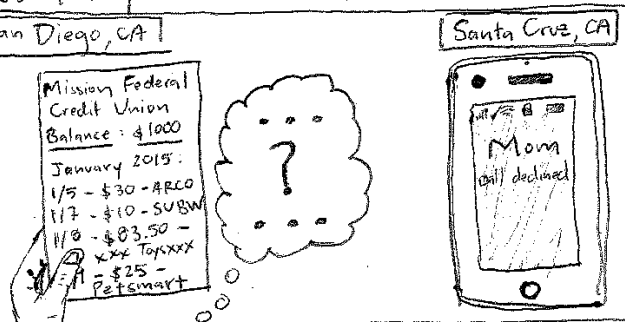
alex vareljian



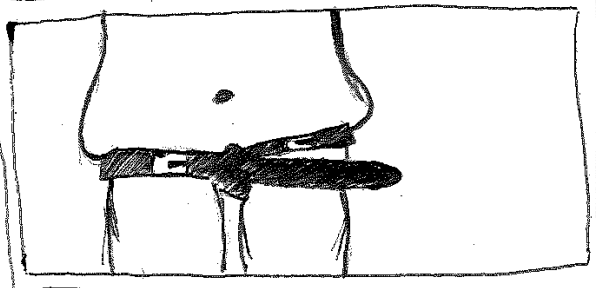
Kathia Damian

I bought my first strap-on when I was 17. I ordered it online. I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't know what I wanted. I just got the cheapest one. It was still, like, $80.

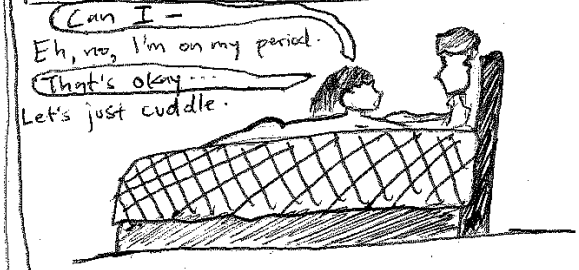
I used my mom's credit card. She never mentioned it.



It was black, with a faux leather harness. It looked silly on my pale body, and when I started to gain weight, it made my love handles look awful. At least, awful to me.

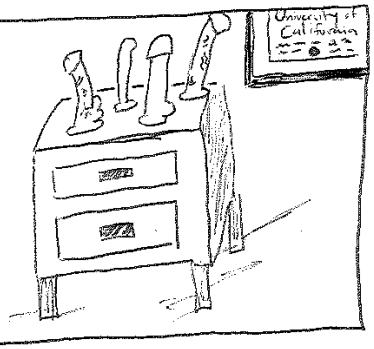


After my girlfriend and I broke up, I almost never used it. I was too embarrassed of it. Having it. Wanting to use it. I also refused to let any of my partners go down on me. Sex was bad for a pretty long time.



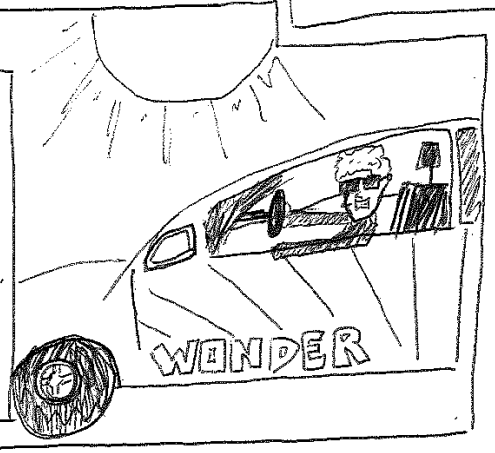
It took me over two years, but I finally decided I wanted to buy a new one. I lived with someone who worked at a sex shop, and they said they could get me a discount.

They had at least 4 dildos on their bedside table at all times. I really admired how proud they were of them.



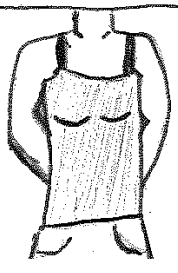
June 27, 2017

We met in the parking lot of Trader Joes. I got there early. They pulled up 15 minutes later, music blasting, sunglasses on. We greeted each other, and started to walk towards the store.



While we were walking, they asked if I wanted a binder. They had a bunch of old ones they were trying to get rid of. I'd just graduated, so I thought it was a strange thing to ask me.

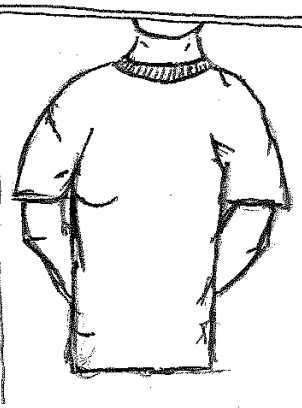
They were talking about chest binders. I'd been doing my own form of binding for awhile, with tank tops & camisoles, but I'd never done any research on it. The only time I'd seen a bound chest was in Mulan.



Wren

I bought my first binder in August. Nice ones were expensive, but I found a good one for a little under $40 on gc2b.co. Their website says to only wear it for up to 8 hours at a time (no more than 12, if you must) and to take days off, but I don't do that. I wear it every day, always for at least 12 hours, but frequently longer. Sometimes it makes my back hurt, and it gives me really bad back acne, but it's worth it. My partner pops my back acne for me.

I do need to buy a new one. One of the seams ripped, and it makes my right boob fall out, but I don't have enough money right now..

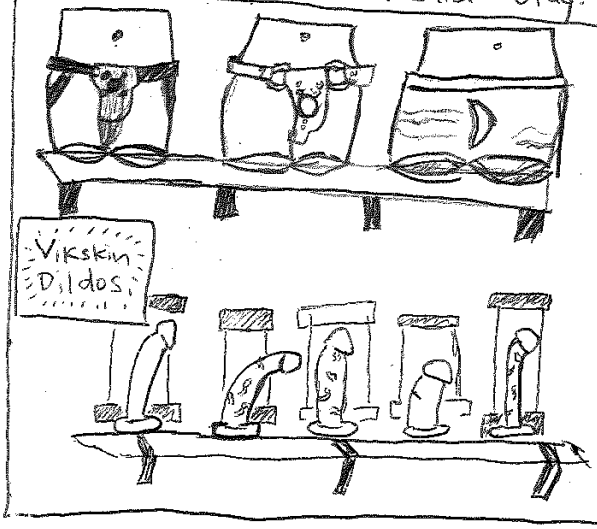


Even with the discount, it was still really expensive. For awhile I regretted it. Regretted buying it. Needing it.

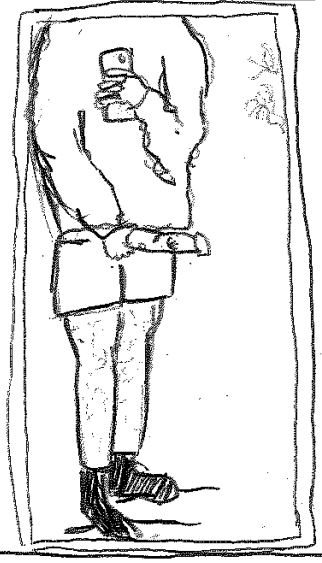
But I don't regret it anymore. I'm really glad I have it. Sometimes I put it on with boxers, and let it stick out between the slit. I keep my shirt on, my chest flat beneath it, and look at myself in the mirror.

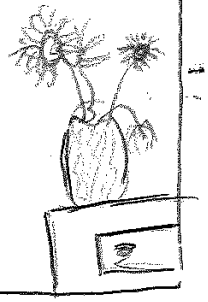
June 27, 2017

It was a three minute walk to the shop. It's called Pure Pleasure. We weren't there for long. They told me their favorite dildo/harness combination, and I said "Okay."



Sometimes I almost pass to me.





Thomas Saraceno

CATCH ME I'M FALLING
FOR U

Thank You

to loving friends and community, Cameron De La Torre for designing the front and back cover, Eric from @plantsandchairs for helping with our merch, Fricke-Parkes for being our trusty publishers, and thank you to Susan Watrous for keeping us humble. And finally, thank you to Jake, for stealing two (2) pieces of pizza for us while we were editing.

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